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McGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, JANUARY 1ST, 1874.

### The University Literary Society.

We unfortunately have not the space to give any adequate account of the Society's transactions during the month. On the 19th instant, Mr. Jenkins, who, by the way, is an old McGill man, lectured before the Society on the "Satirists of England." His lecture was a rare intellectual treat, and from all who were present, we have heard the same account, that his lecture was among the best the Society has ever presented to the public of Montreal. Some exception was taken to the subject of his lecture, inasmuch as he confined himself to Butler and his Hudibras, and did not speak of any of the other satirists of England. On the 22nd, a public debate was held in Association Hall. The subject was—"Should the people of Canada look forward to Independence; or, to a Federation of Great Britain and self-governing Colonies?" and the speakers were: on the affirmative, Messrs. N. W. Trenholme, M.A., B.C.L., and R. C. Fisher, B.C.L. On the negative, Messrs. D. McMaster, B.C.L., and G. E. Jenkins. The President, J. J. MacLaren, M.A., B.C.L., gave his annual address. Mr. S. C. Stevenson gave a reading. At the close of the meeting, Mr. Jenkins spoke a few words on the subject of debate, advocating the same views which his pamphlets on the "Centralization of the Empire" enunciate. We regret that lack of space renders it impossible for us to give an analysis both of Mr. Jenkins' lecture, and of the arguments at the public debate. In regard to the Society's disagreement with Mr. Redpath, of the Literary Bureau, it is evident to all who have read the correspondence in the public prints, that Mr. Redpath was guilty of a breach of contract.

### A College Reading-Room.

Nominally there exists in the Arts Library a reading-room; but not of such a character as to lead any one to walk over to the library for the purpose of seeing any of the antiquated files of such interesting reading as the *Journal of Education*, and kindred publications, which cover its tables. But perhaps the title of reading-room, as applied to it, is somewhat misleading. The purpose for which the room is intended is this: In winter the library is too cold to allow any one to consult the volumes on its shelves,—and, indeed, at all times it would not be convenient or expedient to allow free access to it,—and this smaller room, which we call the reading-room, is used as a reading-room for the books in the library, not for the papers which are on its tables. In fact, as the name is generally used, it is not a reading-room at all.

It is hardly necessary to say much in favor of a reading-room

*per se*. The advantages are apparent to all, and in McGill the students, by force of circumstances, would be led to use it more than they do in other colleges. Nearly every class, on some days of the week, have to pass *spare hours*—that is, hours which intervene between lectures, and which the students now generally fill in any way the caprice of the moment suggests. We are confident that if there was a reading-room it would be used at such times, and in those other intervals between college hours; for instance, many Science students remain at the college from twelve to two, and they would only be too glad to have the opportunity of passing that long interval in a pleasant room where an abundance of periodical literature would be at hand to afford instruction, or to give relaxation from their studies. It is not our intention to say anything more on this part of the question; the instances cited above are only two of the numerous ones which will be suggested to the mind of every student, and we will now show that, to us at least, the project appears perfectly feasible.

The College subscribes for a number of periodicals now, the reviews, and several scientific and technical periodicals. Our exchanges, too, would be at the service of such a reading-room; and a very small subscription from each man in college would be sufficient to procure all the leading periodicals of Britain and America. We are inclined to think that the Faculty, judging from the cordial manner in which they have met our proposals in the past, would do everything in their power to aid our project; and it only remains to give this suggestion an actual existence, concerted and immediate action on the part of the students, and we trust that a meeting will be called, and subscriptions collected before the first week of the term goes by.

We have only called attention to this subject without attempting to support our position, that a reading-room is advantageous and easily attainable, by any arguments, thinking that the mere stating of the case will be sufficient to gain the support of all our students who are most deeply interested in the inception of a project, the advantages of which we are sure have been suggested to each one of them. In the February issue of the *GAZETTE* we hope to have the pleasure of announcing that the room is open, and that all the students are enjoying the opportunities of self-improvement it will undoubtedly offer.

WE understand that a secret society, similar to those in other American colleges, is now being formed in our midst. We are unaware what foundation there is for the report, not having heard the names of those interested.

SINCE the death of Dr. Smallwood, Mr. C. H. McLeod, B. A. Sc., has taken temporary charge of the Observatory.

### In High Latitudes.

Everyone, in Canada at least, has read Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," which made us familiar with his name and caused us to admire him as a graceful writer, long before he came among us as a Governor-General, and gave us occasion to admire those other traits of character, which, in the capacity of author, he had no opportunity of displaying. It is not the intention of the writer to review Lord Dufferin's book, but thinking that the readers of the *Gazette* would be interested in the account of a much earlier voyage to the same region, this article will be a resumé of a paper read before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec by Dr. Douglas, who, in the year 1818, went as surgeon of a whaler, to the same seas which Lord Dufferin in the "Foam" visited in 1856.

On the 13th of March, 1818, the whaler "Trafalgar," Dannatt, commander, sailed from Hull to penetrate to the whaling grounds, which were then far within the Arctic circle. On board was a crew of thirty-six men. After having mustered them, the King's officers paid over the bounty of £300, and exempted the dutiable stores on board from the excise, and on their part, the owners engaged to carry and man seven boats carrying seven men each, the captain filling up the crew by the addition of 18 Shetlanders, when they arrived at Lerwick, seven days after leaving Hull. While here the ship was prepared for the hardships she was to undergo; royal masts were struck, studding-booms and gaff-top-sails were added to her ordinary rigging, so that she could be handled by a few men when in the ice, and most significant of her future occupation, the "crow's nest," to protect the lookout when in high latitudes, was being prepared; when it was finished he says it looked very nice and cosy, but to landsmen the cosiness of a contrivance to sit on the top of the mainmast might not appear so obvious as to the writer. Here, too, while waiting for a fair wind, they had forced on their attention the dangers of their undertaking. The "Prescott," whaler, in attempting to beat out, went ashore in Brassa Sound and was totally wrecked.

On Sunday, the 1st of April, they started North with a fair wind, which held until the 7th; next day it blew a hurricane, but the "Trafalgar" staggered on until on Good Friday, the 9th, they fell in for the first time with ice,—at first only thin sheets, called by the sailors "pancakes," but gradually increasing in thickness as they "bored" into it, until they stopped at night among cakes too thick to allow of farther progress. At this time they were  $72^{\circ}$  N., but entangled in the ice, and the gale continuing with a heavy swell on, the ship laboured so hard, and was in such danger from beating against the ice, that on the 11th they beat out to sea to prevent her being crushed. About noon the sky cleared, and they found themselves close in to the island of Jan Mayen, discovered, according to Lord Dufferin, by Fotherby in 1614, but as other authorities say, by Jan Mayen, a Dutchman, in 1611. Lord Dufferin thus describes his approach to it: "A few minutes more, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky hue first deepened to a violet tinge, then gradually lighting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg—dyed of the darkest purple, while, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapt its summit gently disengaged themselves, and left the mountain standing in all the magnificence of his 6,870 feet girdled by a single zone of pearly vapour, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea. Nature seemed to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully were the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames—started down the side of a mountain—bursting over every impediment—whirled into a thousand eddies—tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam—then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action, that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture."

The "Trafalgar" was in search of whales, not of the picturesque, and before nightfall stood away from the dangerous vicinity of the island. The writer makes an allusion to the fate of the unfortunate Dutch sailors, seven in number, who in 1633, attempted to winter on Jan Mayen. Lord Dufferin gives a short sketch of how they passed the time, until about the 30th of April, more than a fortnight later in the season than when the "Trafalgar" was off its coasts, the last man gives way under the rigours of its inhospitable winter.

Three days later a gale from the N. E. drives the good ship two degrees southward, but on the 18th they are up to the island again, in company with some Dutch sealers, and on the 20th she bears away to the North with a good wind, and "boring" through

streams of light ice. On the 25th they are in lat.  $76^{\circ} 43'$  N., and as they are in the fishing ground, the boats are all ready and a man is stationed in the "crow's nest," but no whales in sight. Unicorns or narwhals, as they are now called (*Monodon. Monoceros*), are in sight, but the crew are unsuccessful in their endeavours to harpoon them. They now see the sun during the entire twenty-four hours, but this advantage is counterbalanced by the severe cold. On the 28th they saw their first whale. Boats were sent out, but just as the harpooner was going to strike, it dived and was seen no more. Dr. Douglas adds: "When we saw it make off, I know that several lookers on distinctly broke the third commandment." On the 29th they were off Magdalena Bay, on the coast of Spitzbergen. "No vegetation, nothing but icebergs (glaciers?), bare black rocks, and a background of icy mountains," is how the author describes his impressions of the island. He speaks too of glaciers 1,200 feet high, presenting the same characteristics which Lord Dufferin describes in the passage we have quoted in connection with those of Jan Mayen. Here they are larger. In English Bay, where the "Foam" anchored, Lord Dufferin saw an enormous one 1,500 feet high, ten miles wide, and thirty or thirty-five long! He speaks, too, of another phenomenon: "On the left, a still more extraordinary sight presented itself. A kind of baby glacier actually hung suspended half-way on the hillside, like a tear in the act of rolling down the furrowed cheek of the mountain." Not even the attractions of the awful scenery of these islands, discovered by Barentz in 1596, and visited subsequently by all explorers, could keep our whalers there, and they still held on their course to the North, now through thick ice from which the ship receives severe blows. In it another whale is seen, but after a three hours' chase, is lost. We fancy, had the author been so inclined, he might here repeat his remark about the violation of the third commandment.

On the 1st of May the ship was hailed from immediately beneath her bows, and a moment afterwards Neptune, accompanied by his consort Amphitrite, came on board. They were received with due honours by the crew, and drawn on a gun-carriage to the stern; there they descended to the "tween-decks" and after a short speech Neptune, assisted by his Tritons, proceeded to initiate all on board who for the first time were then within the Arctic circle. All had to submit, and our author only escaped by using the key of the spirit-room, which, as the thermometer stood at  $40^{\circ}$  below zero, must have added considerably to the success of the festivities. In the afternoon two whales were lost. A gale from the North, with "insufferable cold," brings down the ice on the ship, and threatens to close her in. Sail is made to escape to the South. They pass a polar bear on the ice, but their minds are so occupied with their own peril that he is not molested. In the evening they think the ship is safe; but the next day they are again in danger of being caught, but again they escape. The only chance was between two huge masses of ice slowly approaching each other. Into the gap she goes, but when nearly through, the pieces catch her stern,—a moment more and she goes free, with the loss of both her quarter-boats, "extremely glad to get off so cheaply." On the 8th they again sailed North in lat.  $79^{\circ} 58'$ —lost a whale. They struck a piece of ice, but only started a few planks. A ship in company was not so fortunate, and was seriously damaged. On the 11th they were still in the same neighbourhood, but no whales. The mate and the author visited a Dutch ship, and on leaving, the author with gratitude records, the captain presented them each with a bottle of very excellent gin. Still no whales fall to the lot of our ship, although one or two are taken by some ships in company.

On the 16th they were in lat.  $80^{\circ} 11'$  N., and he adds: "The two discovery ships last year only reached nine miles further, being then stopped by the solid coatment of ice." These discovery ships were those of Dr. Scoresby's expedition of 1817, in which, as the author states, he only reached about  $80^{\circ} 20'$  N. On this expedition he explored Jan Mayen, and discovered a small volcano 1,500 feet high, on the north point of the island, which he named Esk. Two of the men fell overboard about this time, and in his journal for the next day, the author mentions that he had acute inflammation of the lungs. After an immersion in water when the temperature was  $40^{\circ}$ , it appears to us a wonder that the man was alive at all.

At last on the 20th, after six weeks of disappointment, they capture their first whale. Perhaps their lack of success before this will not be wondered at, when we read that six boats were sent after it, and it was five hours from the time that it was first struck until it finally yielded and was killed. The luck has now turned, and the next day another was killed close to the ship. He dived and ran out 950 fathoms of line; when he came up he was nearly dead. As some of us are fresh from hydrostatics,

they can calculate the pressure of water he experienced at that depth. In the next week five others fell to their lot, and all went well until on the 31st they were caught in the ice, in company with a Dutchman and Aberdeen whaler. On the 2nd of June they saw a chance to get out. First the Dutchman escaped, and then channels opening up to the "Trafalgar," she got out through a gradually lessening passage between two floes. They were safe, and looked back to see the fate of the Aberdeen ship. She attempted to pass through the same channel; it was too narrow; she was caught and crushed to pieces. "One of her masts was still upright; the other, with fragments of the vessel, were being piled up among the masses of ice;" the crew were saved, however, and came on board, and the ice still coming down they sailed South, and the same afternoon got into a "school" of whales and killed four. The crew of the "Diamond," the wrecked ship, went on board two other whalers, and the "Trafalgar" held away to the North, until on the 8th of June they reach the solid continent of ice in  $80^{\circ}14'$ , and they then held to the West and South. Two days afterwards they captured four whales; a week afterwards they killed two more, and nearly met with the same fate as the "Diamond." Three days passed with no whales, but during that time Captain Dannatt shot a polar bear on the ice, and attempt'ed, unsuccessfully, to capture its cub alive.

The next fortnight brought to them five more whales, enough to fill the ship, and they determined to return home. Some of the crew met with a rather startling adventure with a bear, the account of which we are unable here to transcribe. A sad incident, reminding them of the dangers of the sea, was met with as they were starting home,—they were surrounded by the remains of a wrecked ship, loose spars, doors, etc., and a top-mast bearing the ship's name "Rover of Bristol." She had not been a whaler they knew, and they surmised must have been a merchantman driven out of her course and caught in the ice. One piece there was suggestive more than all the rest of the struggle which proved unavailing between man and the elements. It was a rude substitute for a rudder, "made out of a top-mast and jib-boom, with spars fastened across by copper nails, long pieces of iron, ships' bolts, wooden trenails and rope." The imagination does not need much forcing to picture it as the last resort of a gallant sailor in his crippled ship, and on it to build sorrowful fancies of the wreck in the Arctic seas, and of the anxious ones at home who would never again see the forms now cast away in their icy solitudes. Jan Mayen nearly proved the last of the "Trafalgar," the sudden lifting of a fog showing them their dangerous position close to its shores; but she escaped, and eventually arrived safely at Hull, after an absence of over six months.

Anyone who compares the latitude of the fishing-grounds, then occupied by large fleets of ships every season, with that reached by exploring parties specially fitted out for cruising in high latitudes, cannot fail to be astonished at the daring and courage with which these hardy sailors prosecuted their labours. Parry, in 1827, reached nearly to lat.  $83^{\circ}$  N., the highest point ever reached by man, and yet these whalers have their cruising grounds within a hundred and twenty miles of this point, or rather they cruise in the highest latitude in which open water can be found. This narrative shows incidentally, however, the hardships and dangers which these gallant sailors habitually encounter, and when long experience has shown the dangers which lie in wait within the Arctic circle, they continue year after year to sail North without a thought of their possible fate. Whale fishing has existed as a branch of industry since the ninth century, when the Danes sent their small vessels to the North. It has mainly been supported by the British, Dutch and Americans, and it may be fairly assumed that the experience and courage gained in the whaling ships, have contributed to support the reputation of these nations as sailors and explorers; for the courage that will encounter the perils of an arctic voyage, and the experience that will successfully overcome them, will united make a sailor that will bear away the palm from one trained in a less trying school. To call attention to the whale fishery as an exhibition of courage and endurance, was partly our object in writing this article. The modesty, too, of the author is remarkable; he tells of shooting a polar bear with the same lack of ornamentation or detail as he chronicles the direction of the ship's course; and in the narrative, an escape from being crushed in the ice, excites less remark than the latitude to which they have attained. While this taciturnity detracts somewhat from the interest of the journal, we cannot help admiring the modesty from which this reticence springs.

Another circumstance influenced us to write this paper; it was to call attention to a point presented very forcibly to our

mind by the re-perusal of Lord Dufferin's book; how in it he exhibits in his indefatigable courage and restless searching for adventure, some of the characteristics of his class. Cut off in a great measure from active employment at home, the British aristocracy have made themselves a reputation as sportsmen and explorers in every quarter of the globe. It is that courage and love of adventure that have given us "The North-west Passage by Land," "Letters from Low Latitudes," and many other books of the same kind, but few written in so graphic a style, containing so much to interest the reader, and so much to cause us to respect both the head and the heart of the author, as the one to which we have referred so often, "Letters from High Latitudes."

J. McL.

### A Winter under Canvas.

After a summer's work on the Intercolonial Railway about the Rivers Miramichi and Restigouche, we were ordered to survey a trial line from Bathurst southwards. It was while thus engaged that winter closed in upon us. The name Bathurst is familiar to all newspaper readers as the point at which Mr. Fleming proposed to connect his "shortest Mail line to Europe" with our Canadian system of Railways.

Our party numbered in all eighteen, including the cook and his assistant. We were provided with three tents—one for the engineers and staff, one for the use of the eight axemen and cook, and the third a provision store. Our tent, the largest, was a round one nineteen feet in diameter and secured in its upright position by four poles slightly inclined towards the top and fitting into an iron plate there. The other tents were about thirteen feet by twelve, and supported by a ridge-pole on uprights at each end.

Mr. Cain, the cook, had sole control of the provision tent; but at times I grieve to admit that his charge was not burdensome, beyond the care of the bare canvas and sundry empty boxes, with here and there a stray bit of bacon. Mr. Cain was of necessity possessed of a genius somewhat universal. Besides his duties as cook, he assisted in keeping our slim wardrobes in repair, he mended our shoe-packs and mocassins, he washed our clothes, catered for the party; was general waiter; referee in disputes among the men; stakeholder, and chaplain to tent No. 2. We had also attached to our camp an old gray horse and the owner, whose duty it was to drag our provisions and to move the heavy part of the camp and utensils when necessary to shift our position.

I will skip over the mud and dirt of the fall season, during the continuance of which we were only on the outskirts of the forest, and at once plunge into the woods and the snow. There let me describe as I can the operation of pitching camp.

All but the absolute necessities of life are, the day before it is desired to move, sent ahead over some convenient, though may-be roundabout "logging road"—called "roads" by courtesy; they are but the most solid ground marked out and cleared of underbrush, logs, &c., to a limited extent. In the morning, when all are turned out, the tents are struck and the "gray" loaded down with what remains of camp traps, and with Mr. Cain in charge, sent on to the next resting place, already picked out by the chief of the party. We to our work,—until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we strike through the bush to find our new home. As we had no snow-shoes, this used to be a somewhat tough wade knee-deep through the unbroken snow and the monotony of a four-mile walk, and was only relieved by an occasional plunge and entrapping of the feet in the covered brushwood.

Arriving at the place, (where Cain's party has certainly only come up, or not yet done their refreshment of tea and hard tack,) instantly all is activity and every man of our eighteen is making the most of what little daylight remains. Sites for tents are marked out. The "axe detachment" first roughly clear the ground and make room for the shovels to remove the snow; meanwhile the "axes" are busy cutting tent poles and pins; another party is unpacking and preparing the tents for pitching, and all not required thus are gathering brush, to be made use of presently. Mr. Cain is arranging and his assistant cutting wood for the camp fire, which done, he sets to work to prepare the evening meal, and woe betide him if it is not ready for serving when the tents are pitched! The snow cleared away, axes are again called into play and the ground surface roughly levelled and cleared of stumps. Then the tents are pitched and pinned down—the bottom lap of canvas being turned in, and not as in summer left loose;—inside on the ground, is placed a layer of rough brush which is covered with

finer fir boughs about a foot in length, the stems sticking downwards and inclined to the horizon at an angle of about  $30^\circ$ , this method of placing giving a greater spring to our bed than could be otherwise obtained.

This so far applies to both tents,—I will now confine myself to the interior arrangement of tent No. 1. The broom laid, our canvas flooring is spread, covering all but the rectangular shaped space from the door to the back pair of the upright poles, which are at the foot about three feet apart. In the square formed by these upright poles our sheet-iron stove is put up and the pipe sent through its receiver at the tent top. These two latter additions to our furniture I may remark are luxuries and not met within every day camp life—the canvas flooring was to us what the carpet is to the labourer's cottage; and the stove as a parlor grate to the house already heated by furnaces.

Then, each man at the head of his allotted space places his blankets and any extra clothing he may have. Now the cry is "Supper!" "Supper!" "Cain, bring along the grub." The cry is echoed back from camp No. 2, and Cain has his hands full for the next half hour. Our portable table is put up and soon covered with hard-tack and molasses, bacon and beans. Such with unskimmed tea is camp fare twenty miles from any house. Our table furniture was a tin-plate, a pannikin, knife, fork and spoon to each man.

On Christmas day we had a feast. We had not then got very far into the woods and there was sent to us an orthodox dinner, such as one might expect at a first class hotel, dessert, wines and all, with something, for those so inclined, to take in hot water. Amongst the condiments appertaining to this feast there happened to be some Cayenne pepper; and one of our number, whether not knowing its biting properties, or having got so far in his dinner as not readily to distinguish the colour, took rather too much at one time. I can see him yet before me with his hand on his mouth, his face lengthened, and eyebrows contracted; and I can hear what he said when he took his hand away—what that was—suffice it to say, it was not "*That's nice pepper.*" But this is rambling, and to return to the direct thread of our narration. Supper is done and the table cleared away. Our stove fire is lighted and all sit round to enjoy the tranquil evening pipe. An hour is passed in smoke and story—the party breaks up, some to read, others to sit round the table where *vingt-et-un* is the favourite game with beans as counters. If the night is clear and fine, after the men who retire early have gone to sleep, those of our party who have preferred books to cards may be found by the open camp fire. The scene is a deeply impressive one; all around you are the black trees with their background of the purest white, over head the deep blue of a winter sky, and as you gaze on that moon and stars you dwell in mind with others far away but not too far to behold the selfsame objects you now behold \* \* \* \* \* The stillness of the night is disturbed by the breaking up of the card party, and you awake, to think, to contrast what was with what is, to reflect on *what a life is this!* Wading through snow all day, sleeping in your clothes all night; but yet there is a charm about it—a charm as indescribable as it is alluring. The old camp hand would forsake the most comfortable city quarters for the rough life and hearty pleasures of a winter under canvas.

To bed—Each man has three blankets, and in cold weather it is expedient to double up and lie *spoon fashion*. So spread one blanket on the canvas, take off coat, vest and boots, put them under your head, and put over yourself and chum the remaining five blankets, with what overcoats you may between you possess, and to sleep, to sleep and not alone to bed: sleep such as is the reward of an honest day's toil.

Morning—At the cry "turn out," while we were yet rubbing our eyes and "cookee" was lighting our fire, what one might see was four bundles of blankets and these blankets, towards the circumference of the tent about the head and shoulders, white with hoar frost from, under each bundlet two heads peering, and these heads wanting to know to a nicety how long it will be before breakfast is ready. This information extracted from "cookee" and the short interval of grace spent in a protracted yawn, "Turn out" is the word, and in five minutes every fellow has blankets done up and his part of the household put in order. Then for a wash in the open air when your eyebrows and eyelashes are hanging with icicles before the towel is applied and friction produces heat.

Now breakfast—"Halloh! Fritters! Bully for you, Cain." To the uninitiated, I may say that "fritters" are a *delicious* combination of flour and grease done brown in an open frying pan.

Breakfast over, away to work with a large round "hard-tack" in our pockets, to be eaten on a stump, and we return home at night tired and hungry.

We finished our work here about the first of February, and

walked through the snow for sixteen miles to the nearest beaten track, where we were met by sleighs and brought back to Bathurst. Next day we shifted quarters to Dalhousie, at the head of the Bay des Chaleurs, where to our pleasure we found another surveying party, and to vouch for the health of our party, I may tell that we, in contradistinction to the others, were called "the fat party."

While camped near Dalhousie two of our party took a holiday and went cariboo-shooting, but after many a weary tramp had to give the thing up for a bad job. To return to camp without the venison, was what they knew well would not be a safe experiment; so to put matters right, on their way back they, having met a farmer who the day before had shot a cariboo, and had still the skin in his possession, bought the skin as also a young heifer which would about fit the said skin. They shot the heifer and had her skinned, made a hole to correspond in the cariboo skin and thus had their trophy carried to camp. They presented some of the meat to friends in the village, who together with our camp pronounced it excellent. The truth only came out some months afterwards.

In return for the numerous kindnesses shewn to them, the other party gave a "ball," to which the *élite* of the village came, as did also the "fat party." The fear of trespassing too much on your space bids me suppress the wish to describe this ball. There may be room to state the important fact that, of the twelve unmarried young men connected with these two parties, four of them have since been married to young ladies whose acquaintance they made in this way that winter—so much for Balls.

S. I.

### Personal.

J. W. DIGBY, M. D., '66, is one of the Deputy Reeves of the town of Brantford, Ont.

JOHN CALDER, B. C. L., '72, is the editor of the *Coaticook Observer*, P. Q.

W. MCKAY WRIGHT, B. A., '61, & B. C. L., '63, represents the County of Pontiac, P. Q., in the Dominion Parliament.

ALBERT R. LEWIS, B. A., '69, is studying law at Toronto.

FREDERICK A. KAHLER, B. A., '69, is engaged in the study of theology in Philadelphia.

JOHN R. MALCOLM, M. D., '61, is a successful merchant at Scotland, Ont.

WM. W. LYNCH, B. C. L., '68, Gold Medallist, represents the County of Brome in the Quebec Legislature.

CHRISTOPHER A. GEOFFRION, B. C. L., '66, is Lecturer on Roman Law, in the Faculty of Law.

JOHN J. HINDLEY, B. A., '68, & M. A., '73, has charge of a Congregational Church at Owen Sound, Ont.

DONALD MCGREGOR, B. A., '71, has charge of a Congregational Church, Liverpool, N. S.

A few of the friends of JOHN S. HALL, '74, recently met and presented him with a magnificent receptacle for cigars, on the occasion of his departure for Ottawa to spend the Christmas vacation.

GEORGE WOOD, M. D., '62, is now practicing his profession in Faribault, Minn.

D. H. McLENNAN, B. A., '71, is now studying theology at Edinburgh.

A. DUFF, '64, the first Anne Molson Medallist, after graduating at the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass., is now studying at Berlin, Prussia.

The following men are now away from College, suffering from illness: SILCOX, (Partial), MALCOLM, '75, and JACKSON and MCGREGOR, '77. C. JONES, '74 (Medicine), has had considerable trouble with a sore hand and arm, poisoned in performing a *post mortem*. He is now, we are happy to say, almost well.

## Fergus McIver:

HIS CAREER IN ARTS.

Of late years there has been a marked and painful increase in the popularity of "sensation" novels. Always unwholesome and often immoral in tone, they have been read with avidity as serials in magazines, and in book form, and afterwards, as dramas, have been loudly applauded by crowded theatres. Men capable of higher things have pandered to this depraved taste, and have been enriched thereby; but we know that there are many readers who prefer truth unadorned by genius to the brilliant but dangerous fictions so eagerly sought after by the majority. For this class we write. We shall give the history of one who is still alive, and whose simple virtues have been recounted to us by trusty eyewitnesses. We shall not leave our hero in mid-ocean at the end of one number, nor introduce Perdita in another. We shall not be obtrusively moral at each conclusion, neither will we create a villain for the sake of killing him; nor make our hero happy by marrying him to his landlady's daughter.

Without further preface we may state that Fergus McIver was born of poor but respectable parents. The importance of this fact was brought before his mind with great clearness when he read "The Lives of Eminent Men." He noticed that these qualities in their parents formed the most evident bond between them, and he thought it likely that they were the causes of their future greatness. Applying this reasoning to himself, he found that he, too, could lay claim to this mark of future distinction. His parents were not as poor as he could have desired, but his father was a pillar of the village church, and for what he lacked in poverty, he made up in intense respectability. "Yes," thought Fergus, "I am born to be great; I must go to college and improve the talents that were entrusted to me." This unassailable conclusion was further strengthened by the circumstance that, from tender youth, he wrote regular verses which impartial friends pronounced to be "without a single poetical fault."

Fergus accordingly matriculated at McGill. He soon became a general favourite, but his artless simplicity and unworldliness made him the subject of many impositions. For instance, when he began classics, the class was told to prepare eighty verses of Latin. Fergus, rashly trusting the statement of a class-mate that a verse was six lines, sat up all night to translate it, and thus brought on a fever which kept him a fortnight in bed. Tradition tells us that when the class read the verse

"Ventum erat at limen, cum virgo," &c.,

he innocently asked how the Sibyl could be a virgin when she was seventy years old. He did not see why the class was amused at his question; still less did he understand the Professor's facetious explanation of it by the fact that there were no McIvers there. Fergus was always noted for the originality of his ideas, but the ridicule of unappreciative students rendered concealment advisable; he stored them up for use at examinations (in one he evolved the proofs of twelve propositions of Euclid "from the depths of his inner consciousness"); but the professors, not taking a large view of it, refused to pass him,—in fact he was plucked with great regularity for several sessions. At last it began to get monotonous. The professors lost confidence in Fergus, and he in them, and he began to think that college was not all it was held to be, and that he would be able to do more in the great outside world.

The way he left college was rather curious. It came about as follows: A new professor was appointed, and Fergus was to attend his lectures. Naturally the students talked a good deal about the new comer, and he gained information more strange than true. One man was certain Dr. Blank drank very hard; another knew for a fact that he had fits quite frequently; and a third, that he had tried when in such a state, to cut his mother-in-law's throat, and that his family employed a keeper to watch him. Fergus opened his eyes at this, but truthful himself, it never occurred to him to doubt what the students told him. He attended the first lecture with great anxiety.

Dr. Blank lectured very learnedly about a celebrated writer of the Seventeenth century, with many dates and quotations, but Fergus' mind was occupied with other things. At last, just as the learned Doctor was commencing his peroration, he roused himself with a start and asked, "Is—ah—is this man you've told us about—ah—is he dead now?" Dr. Blank actually gasped for breath; he stared at Fergus for some seconds and then ejaculated, "Dead, sir? Dead? Didn't I tell you—I—I—I—do you mean to insult me, sir?"

Fergus stared at him blankly, thinking there was some foundation for the stories he had heard, and then said calmly and deliberately, "I quite fail to understand you, sir." Dr. Blank turned red, then pale, tried to speak, stamped, upset his ink in his agitation, and altogether acted in such a manner that Fergus thought he was probably annoyed at something. Then his next neighbour whispered in a tone of awe, "He's in a fit." Dr. Blank then spoke with gasps—"What do—do you mean? Am I—I—I—leave this room! at once, sir!" Fergus' benevolent nature urged him to offer some assistance, "Shall I call a physician, sir?" Dr. Blank was speechless with astonishment. "There's sure to be one over at the medical building—better to take these things in time, sir?" Dr. Blank said in a high key, "Leave this room! I—I—leave this room!" "Shall I get you a glass of water, sir?" continued Fergus moving towards the door, "or perhaps you had better lose a little blood; it's always better to take these things in time, sir." He left the room, and after he had been in the open air a few minutes, he began to realize that he was the victim of some hideous mistake—an opinion which his classmates when they joined him some few minutes after, for the Doctor was unable to continue his lecture, entirely confirmed.

The next day he received a note adorned with the College arms, in chocolate colour, that ominous hue which portended a communication from the authorities. He opened it with fear and trembling; it was, as he supposed, a notice from the Deputy Dean, couched in the forms of stately old-fashioned courtesy peculiar to that functionary; it ran as follows:—

"McIver (Fergus), student 4th Year, is hereby cited to appear before the Faculty of Arts at 1 p. m. this day.

\_\_\_\_\_, LL. D., D. C. L.,

Dean of Faculty.

Nov. 15, 18—

Per \_\_\_\_\_."

Let us pass over in silence the agony of the hours which intervened. At one o'clock Fergus was prepared to meet his fate. The Faculty, with the kind thoughtfulness which we suppose is an attribute of all such bodies, allowed him to wait about three-quarters of an hour longer, that he might have time to prepare his defense. This interval was spent by Fergus in the company of his intimates, who cheered him with descriptions of his coming "Faculty lunch."

At last Fergus was ushered into the Faculty room. At the end of a vista-like table was seated the Principal, and at intervals on both sides his colleagues. After some preliminaries, a voice was wafted from the further end charging him with insulting Dr. Blank, and he was asked what he had to say in his defense. Fergus entered into a long and somewhat incoherent description of the scene in the class room, from which the Faculty inferred that Fergus thought that Dr. Blank had not been altogether in his right mind.

He was cross-examined at length by a professor whose brilliant attire contrasted strongly with the ability he displayed. This same professor afterwards expressed a desire to kick Fergus—a somewhat strange wish, but which may be accounted for by his previous inability to elicit anything from Fergus but the truth. Fergus was then allowed to retire, and a few minutes afterwards was recalled to hear the decision of the Faculty.

It was, that inasmuch, as he had by publicly insulting a professor, put a slight on the whole Faculty, and thus had done an injury to University education in Canada that any good he might do in after life would but feebly atone for, he should send an apology in writing to Dr. Blank, and then and there apologize to them.

Fergus, somewhat bewildered by the endeavour to determine the connection between the good he might accomplish in after life and his innocent mistake of the day before, naturally began in the familiar words of his favourite author:—

"Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors, my very noble and approved good masters." Here he paused—the Principal then made some few remarks, from which Fergus gathered that the Faculty thought his quotation was somewhat out of place, and that his connection with the College was no longer desirable. Fergus was astonished; he received his sentence calmly—and walked toward the door, turned, and with his hand on his heart, he said: "It may be for years and it may be forever," and with a graceful bow he withdrew from the presence and from the College.

(To be continued.)

# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE,

*Published by the Undergraduates of McGill University,  
on the First of every month of the Session.*

## EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

ERNEST M. TAYLOR, J. S. MCLENNAN, G. H. CHANDLER,  
STUART JENKINS, AND E. JAFLEUR.  
JOHN D. CLINE, B. A.  
W. SIMPSON WALKER.

The GAZETTE requests contributions of tales, essays, and all suitable literary matter from University men. It will open its columns to any controversial matter connected with the College, provided the communications are written in a gentlemanly manner.

All matter intended for publication must be accompanied by the name of the writer in a sealed envelope, which will be opened if the contribution is inserted, but will be destroyed if rejected. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

All literary matter must be in the hands of the committee on the 15th of each month, unless special arrangements are made with the committee before that date.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

W. B. DAWSON, TREASURER. J. S. HALL, SECRETARY.

## Christmas.

Perhaps the pleasantest break in the college year is the Christmas vacation. The examinations before it are not of that dangerous character which makes one sigh when he thinks of them. They are, looked at from one point of view, a mild excitant to make one enter into the dissipations of the season with mind capable of apprehending fully the pleasures which await him; they are the olives with wine, or the half glass of sherry in the dressing room before one descends "to tread but one measure." Looked at from another, they are the preliminary canter before the "great Sessional Event," when the prizes are to be won. But our serious friend says our similes are "worldly" and "sporting," and we will shock him no more. The Christmas vacation does not bring with it a feeling that we are separating from each other, as does the "long." We accompany "Pater, my chum," to the station, and bid him good bye without any of his friends, for he is a popular fellow, thinking of "it may be for years," which is enough proof for our last statement. Then those drives the students who remain in town have had, some "stag parties," and others, where the fair sex were not absent! But who does not know the pleasures of the Christmas time! Nine hundred and ninety-nine papers and periodicals have descended on it, and we need not add anything, for our remarks must necessarily be inadequate, and we, in conclusion, will only wish "the compliments of the season" to all our friends and fellow-students, and if our best wishes be the latest they receive, they may rest assured that they are not on that account the least sincere.

## Foot Ball.

On December 31st, Mr. R. M. Esdaile, the Field Captain of the M.F.B.C., was presented by the members of the Club with a magnificent gold watch, evincing by this their appreciation of his successful handling of his team during the season, and as a mark of personal esteem and affection. As the Club has practised with us for a couple of seasons, all students who are at all interested in foot-ball, can bear witness to the uniform courtesy which he has shown, while those clubs which have played against the M.F.B.C. know, to their cost, the talent he has displayed in placing and directing his team. The occasion of the presentation was his leaving town permanently. All students will regret that his departure will put the Foot-Ball team under a new Captain, while some of us will feel his loss as that of a warm personal friend. We trust that in future years the Club may be as victorious as it has been under Mr. Esdaile's direction,—and he leaves town bearing with him our sincerest wishes for his future happiness and success.

## A Communication.

We have received a communication from a student of our Medical Faculty. We cannot publish it on the ground that it is anonymous, and we must present the points he makes, instead of letting him speak for himself, which, on such a subject we should prefer to do. The subject of his letter is the state of the dissecting room. He complains of the lack of dissecting material, and after a tribute to the skill of the demonstrator, affirms that his attendance at his duties is irregular, and that since the beginning of the session "it is quite a rarity to see him in the room." He adds that while at similar schools in Great Britain the students have the opportunity of seeing two or three demonstrations a day, at McGill we have only seen some four or five in the term. The importance of practical anatomy as a training for successful professional life, is admitted by all, and we are sorry to have to call attention to this subject; as from what we can learn from the few Medicals now in town, the complaints our correspondent makes are well founded. We have no doubt but that in our next issue we will hear from some other students on this question, and in the meantime we leave the subject until we have more responsible information than an anonymous letter—to the contents of which we draw the attention of those interested.

## Obituary.

WE regret that we have to announce the death of the late Professor Charles Smallwood, M.D., LL.D.

Dr. Smallwood was born in Birmingham, in the year 1812. He came to Canada in 1833, and in 1834 settled at St. Martin's, Isle Jesus, where, in that year, he began his observations in Meteorology. In 1856, McGill University conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., and two years later our University appointed him their Professor in Meteorology, a position which he held until his death, December 22nd, 1873.

He discovered the effects of Atmospheric Electricity on the formation of the snow crystal, and instituted extensive investigations on ozone in connection with light, electricity, and the effects of germination of seeds, and on its development and effects in disease.

Dr. Smallwood has contributed largely to various scientific periodicals, not only in this country, but also in the United States and in Europe. He is likewise the author of *Contributions to Canadian Meteorology*. The object of the whole of these observations have always been directed to practical utility, with reference to medical science and to the health of mankind. They have been written during the brief intervals which he could snatch from a very active and laborious professional life, and are therefore the more valuable and interesting.

Dr. Smallwood was also one of the Governors of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada, Honorary Member of the British Meteorological Society, of the Montreal Natural History Society, of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec; Member of the Société Météorologique de France, of the National Institute of the United States, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, of the Observatoire Physique of St. Petersburg, and of the Académie Royal des Sciences, des Lettres et des Beaux Arts of Belgium.

WE call the attention of intending contributors to the regulations under which we can alone receive contributions. We have been troubled with anonymous contributions, which, of course, it was impossible for us to publish. We imagined that it was so well understood as a matter of journalistic policy, that the publishers must know the names of their writers—not to use, but as an evidence of good faith—that a reference to the subject would be enough. However, in the future we hope our contributors will bear our regulations in mind, and that we will not have to reject articles in the future, as we have in the past, on account of our ignorance of the source from which they emanate. The communications of "Trebor" and "A Freshman" will not, on this account, appear in our columns.

The GAZETTE appears somewhat later than the date it bears on its first page, thus going to the opposite extreme to those periodicals which come out long before the time they are due. It is not from imitating this fashion that the GAZETTE puts in its appearance a week beyond its time, but the Christmas vacation and press of business at the printing-house have both contributed to this result.

## Student Life in Germany.

To the Editor of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

DEAR SIR,—In compliance with a rash promise made last spring, I propose to describe a scene of student life in Germany that is but rarely witnessed, viz., a student's funeral. You must forgive me if the description be not as entertaining as a student's correspondence should be, for the deceased was one of my more intimate acquaintances—a young Bostonian.

Last Monday afternoon (27th ult.) I dropped into this gentleman's room to ask him to spend the evening with me. I found him stretched on the sofa with his landlady bending over him. On my expressing anxiety, he told me that his eye felt queer, and that he thought he had caught cold in it. He said that it seemed to have become fixed obliquely in its socket, and that consequently he could not walk straight, for everything was presented to him in two different aspects, whose comparative truth he could not judge. We laughed and joked about "seeing double," &c. I left him after receiving his promise to drop into my rooms some other evening soon. He proposed to go to Dresden next morning to consult one of their best oculists.

In the morning, as I passed his rooms on my way to an eight o'clock lecture, I recollected his intention of going to Dresden, so I ran up to his room to ask after his eye. His sitting-room door stood ajar. On crossing towards his bedroom I was startled by noticing, through the half-open door, that there were several people there before me. I hastily advanced, but paused on the threshold, arrested by the sight of my friend stretched upon his bed evidently unconscious, and struggling hard for every breath. His landlady and the doctor stood by, but had already done their utmost before I entered. A student present drew me aside and told me that the invalid had gone to bed early the night before, but had shortly after alarmed the house by calling for assistance. When the others hastily entered they found him unable to speak, although conscious of what they said to him, but he soon finally lost all consciousness. As I heard this I recollected what the poor fellow had told me of his repugnance to Freiberg doctors. I hastily left the chamber to enquire the quickest and surest way of bringing one out from Dresden. But before the next train started, my friend's struggles were ended. In less than twelve hours after his serious seizure he quietly sank to rest.

That night a meeting of the students was held, whereat it was promptly resolved that, according to German student-custom, the funeral should be conducted at the students' general expense, and a committee was appointed to carry out this determination. Several Americans wanted the burial to be left to the numerous American students here, but the other students resented the proposal as an insult. An Englishman and I were placed on the committee as friends of the deceased; a third one, our chairman, was an American, to represent his nationality; and the others were a Russian gentleman and a German baron. Our first duty was to appoint regular watches, of four students each, to guard the body constantly until its burial.

The rooms of the dead were hung with black cloth, draped with white and black crape. On the day of the funeral the body was elaborately dressed, and laid on a bed of state, which was covered with purple velvet bedecked with silver fringe. The room was filled with hothouse plants, and the body was covered with rare flowers. All that day the room was illuminated with massive candelabra full of lights. But the most striking feature of this parade was the "Ehrenwache," or guard of honor, consisting of eight students supposed to have been friends of the deceased. Our duty was to stand motionless on either side of the bed during the day's proceedings. We were dressed in the holiday costume of Saxon miners. Let me try to describe it! On our heads were high cylindrical caps of green or black stuff, decorated with silver or gold braid in a kind of Grecian pattern. The front of the cap bore the well-known mining device of crossed hammers of gold or silver, and on one side was fastened a gay green and white rosette, which was overshadowed by a lofty plume of white feathers. We wore parade kittels, a kind of black cloth Garibaldi taken in at the waist, but showing no belt. Such a coat is provided with an erect black velvet collar and a mock cape of black velvet, ornamented with gold or silver braid. (The Saxon students here are privileged to wear all such mining ornaments of gold, whilst the outer barbarians must content themselves with the cheaper metal.) The breast of the kittel bears a treble row of silver buttons, the sleeves are slashed and provided with a very liberal allowance of the same, and on the shoulders are the cross hammers again, with a heavy silver fringe depending below them.

Our hands were encased in white kids; and we wielded ornamental wands terminated in gold or silver heads of a somewhat hatchet shape. About our waist were buckled patent leather "arshledern" (a species of leather apron that the miners always bear behind to spare their trousers when they squat down to work in a mud-puddle) and over them we buckled bright belts, with gay silver buckles. Our trousers were white. Thus apparelled I felt more suitably equipped for a ghastly masquerade than for a sober funeral. But our work was trying enough to sober any one. We had to stand, four by four, erect and motionless, for an hour at a time beside the corpse, while all the old women and children in Freiberg who happened to be at leisure came in and criticised the whole performance.

As though we students were not sufficiently uncomfortable already, they asked each other whether we were friends of the deceased, or how much the undertaker gave us for the job. And I took it as a decided compliment when they expressed their approbation of the whole performance, which they invariably did with repeated use of that expressive word "schon" (beautiful). Some of them specially tickled my vanity by confessing that it was almost as good as the circus that performed here the week before.

At six p. m., the burial service was read by the American Chaplain, from Dresden, who delivered a brief address, directing the students' attention to this warning of the shortness of life. An oratorical address was then delivered by the German Pastor, who pronounced the benediction. During the service, the hall was filled with a number of Obersteigers (mine captains). Their costume was somewhat like that of the Ehrenwache. But they wore top-boots, and had swords at their sides. They wore bands very like a clergyman's, but heavily braided with gold lace. In place of our black velvet on the shoulders, their kittels had white capes, richly braided and decorated with gold. In their caps they wore stiff black plumes, instead of our waving white ones.

As soon as the service was finished, the coffin was brought in. It was a most elaborate German affair, standing about three times as deep as a Canadian one, and gradually narrowed towards the top. Such coffins look as if they were built in several stories, and they display a great deal of white metal work.

When we left the house, we found the procession drawn up outside, patiently awaiting us. The strange costumes and the immense crowds, were rendered doubly imposing by the fitful glare of the torches. The band struck up a most dismal dirge, and we moved off very slowly. See the order of procession! It was headed by the town brass band in most fanciful costumes. Behind it was borne the flag of the academy, surrounded by a guard of honour, dressed precisely like the Ehrenwache. Then came the American flag, reverently draped in mourning and surrounded by a guard of Americans in full evening dress, with large tricolour sashes. Next advanced the flag of the presiding corps, accompanied by a guard of the corps, students wearing sashes of the corps' colours and long gauntlets and bearing drawn swords. It was followed by the flag of the other corps, surrounded by a similar guard, menacing the spectators with sharp sabres. Behind the last flag walked the Ehrenwache. It was followed by the marshal of the procession in gold-embroidered cocked hat and loud voice, accompanied by two sombre assistants. Close at their heels paced six coal-black horses drawing the hearse and led by mutes. The hearse was escorted by the Obersteigers. It was followed by the private mourners, and the professors brought up the rear. The whole train was escorted and lighted by a double row of the students dressed appropriately in miners' every-day costume and bearing huge resinous torches. Our route to the railway station was lined by thick crowds in spite of the gloomy, cold, threatening weather. When we reached the station we found a car specially fitted up for the reception of the body, tastefully draped with black cloth and decorated with garlands of flowers.

The ceremonies were sadly curtailed by reason of the mourning for the late king of Saxony. By law, all music and festivity throughout Saxony was, during a certain time, prohibited. Therefore when the funeral proper was over, we were compelled to extinguish the torches and dismiss the band before we reentered the town. The police were so strict that we were not even allowed to sing "*Gaudeamus igitur*" around the burning torches according to the ceremonial prescribed for such seasons. Even the sorry satisfaction of flaunting our flags on the way back was denied us, although the night was so dark that nobody could have seen them in any case.

Thus the obsequies were shorn of much of their pomp. But even sadly curtailed as they were, I hope that the description of

them may interest some of your readers, such events are fortunately of rare occurrence.

If the students of McGill take interest in random sketches of German life, more especially of student habits and customs, I may trespass again on your columns.

Believe me,

Your sincere well-wisher,

J. FRASER TORRANCE.

FREIBERG, SAXONY, 3rd Nov., 1873.

To the Editor of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

MR. EDITOR,—

In your report of the formation of the Rifle Companies, the impression was conveyed that it was the first attempt that had been made to form a corps in McGill. In the Session of 1871, a then member of the present Senior Class, made an unsuccessful attempt to form a Military Company. The students then appeared to think with Buckle that the fool of the family always went into the army. Now it appears that our students continue to play at soldiers for some years after they have discarded their other infantile amusements. Trusting you will notice this correction, I remain,

A STUDENT.

## The Lounge at McGill.

SECOND PAPER.

THE FOUNDER'S FESTIVAL.

A great American humorist, in a dissertation upon mankind, remarked apologetically, "that after all, most men have a good deal of human nature about them." We own, that like the majority of our fellow-creatures, we are not free from this weakness. We are aware that in the present utilitarian age, it is thought by many that it is altogether foreign to the subject to clothe the classic and rigid outlines of education with any extraneous though graceful adornment. It is considered that the acquirement of social training should not be combined with that of mental discipline, and at a University established for the purpose of classic and scientific instruction, the intercourse and amenities of society deserve no recognized place; and, perhaps, in our own Alma Mater these theories, up till a short time ago, have been pushed to their furthest development. Unlike most other American Universities, we have had no class societies, and, we fear, but little class feeling, whilst on the other hand the intercourse between the different Faculties has heretofore been of the most meagre and formal description, and signalized by a painful absence of *esprit de corps*. Now, we are happy to write, this state of things has been to a great extent changed, and we may say it without egotism, for we have not yet arrived at that dignity, that the change is due in a great measure to the efforts of the present senior years. Taking it all in all, there is much in the result of their efforts to look upon with pleasure. A strong interest in Athletic Sports has been excited, which we expect to see increase yearly, and our athletes have already achieved more than a local reputation; class suppers and graduating dinners have drawn the students closer together; the Literary Society has, in bringing the best of native and foreign lecturing talent face to face with Montreal audiences, done a great work, not only for the members of the University, but for the citizens as well; and lastly, though by no means of the least benefit, the present session has seen a long-felt vacancy filled by the publication of the GAZETTE. But while hailing with delight those evidences of a vigorous and sustained effort on the part of our undergraduates to bind themselves with new social ties more closely to one another, and to our Alma Mater, we regret to see that one of our most ancient institutions is being allowed to pass unhonored. We refer, as our readers have doubtless already learned from the heading of this paper, to the Founder's Festival. We might, if necessary, enter into elaborate arguments to show the folly of this course; but we trust that none such will be needed, and believe that the omission of the usual gathering this autumn has arisen more from pre-occupation than from wilful neglect—a neglect, however, of which we hereby venture to remind our readers.

But though, as we have just said, we would be exceedingly sorry to see the old and time-honored custom pass this year without notice, in looking back to the days when the festival was observed in the most rigid manner, we can find no great thrill of excitement in the reminiscence. It certainly never was of any very

festive character, and partook always more of a solemn and decorous offering on the altar of Propriety, than of a Terpsichorean festival of the Graces. The viands were unsubstantial and ethereal, never rising to the dignity of the Western "square meal," and instead of ruby Burgundy or sparkling champagne, the libations were of tea, coffee, or lemonade; cups which, while they certainly did not inebriate, could not be said in any very marked sense of the word to cheer. The songs, however, were deeply imbued with the Bacchanal spirit, and it was rather amusing to note the difference between the real and the poetical nature of the fluids. A chorus of mild youths, looking eminently clerical in their white chokers, black gowns and swallow-tails, and who had probably drank naught but water from the brook from their youth up, would be heard demanding in stentorian tones that the flowing bowl (which, from the character of the askers, might be fairly presumed to be of gruel) should be heaped up to repletion; while the soloist, a great temperance agitator at present, and a Methodist minister *in futuro*, loudly chanted the praises of the rake Horace, or declared his intention of remaining in the convivial assemblage until the appearance of daylight; and immediately afterwards, to show that they did violence to their finer feelings only in obedience to musical exigency, they took a drink of coffee all round.

But if stimulants were tabooed, the loss was more than made up by the more exciting presence of the fairer sex. More exciting, for while no man of sense would, on an occasion of the kind, lose his head from a too great indulgence in alcoholic beverages, Beauty, under any circumstances, is apt to fire the heart of the susceptible undergraduate. But Beauty, though she was deeply adored, was in most cases adored from a distance. Occasionally some senior, whose years and experience in the warfare of Cupid had imbued him with more than ordinary confidence in his own powers, might be seen half hidden in a secluded alcove in the library, whispering his vows in the ear of his fair companion; or a freshman, in whom an incipient moustache and first swallow-tail had aroused an unwonted dignity led, to supper a wise virgin some ten years his senior, and grinned in triumph at his companions in a manner from which respect for the years of his partner, if nothing else, should have deterred him. But the majority of men, if our recollection serves us rightly, felt constrained to pay their devotions in silence, and congregated in little coteries, in which the feminine element was conspicuous by its absence.

But perhaps, after all, our judgment should not be credited as impartial. At the only festival which it was ever our good fortune to attend, we held but the verdant and contemned position of a Freshman. Our short residence at college had not yet inspired us with that obtrusive self-confidence which the first few months generally gives to the first-year student; and we were content to take ourselves at the valuation of our seniors rather than at our own. And so it happens, perhaps, that our reminiscences are tinged rather with the recollection of our own conduct than with that of others, and for all our *badinage*, we would by no means have our newly arrived students pronounce the Founder's Festival "slow" on any opinion derived from our dictum, for slow it was not. And as we said at the beginning of this paper, we would regret exceedingly to see that it was not celebrated this year. It is, in one sense, the first of our collegiate gatherings. In all the long years during which McGill has climbed to her present high position, the Founder's Festival has served to bind the students more closely to their University, and the news of its abolition would cause a pang in the breasts of many now far away from us, as they thought of the times long gone by. In celebrating it, too, we pay a just debt of gratitude to the man who made Montreal the seat of the foremost University in our country—a debt which, while our University bears the name of its founder, we are not likely to forget. And so we again beg to urge upon the students of the several Faculties the advisability, as soon as the vacation is over, of electing the usual committee, and taking all measures necessary for the observance of the annual Founder's Festival.

We see by the Yale *Potpourri* that C. H. Ferry, an old High School boy, is Commodore of the Yale Navy. He is, we understand, the first undergraduate who has enjoyed the honour of being commodore.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. D. F. H. Wilkins, B. A. (Toronto), and one of our first graduating class in Practical Science (Mining) has been appointed Science Master in Hellmuth College, London, Ont. We congratulate Hellmuth on the choice they have made.

## The Birds of Montreal and Vicinity.

### PAPER II.

Since the last paper was published, I find on further enquiry, that several notes and additions must be made to the list there given. And, here, it is proper to state that on further consideration I think it may be as well, in future, to give sub-generic divisions as arranged by Baird. I do this for the reason that sometimes a genus is too large for easy reference, and on this account it has been found better, or at least more convenient, to arrange certain members of the same genus in one sub-genus, and others in another.

With regard to those already published, in the present paper I shall mention, where necessary, the sub-genus to which each is assigned.

Family: FALCONIDAE.  
Sub-Family: FALCONINAE.  
Genus: FALCO.  
Sub-Genus: FALCO.

PEREGRINE FALCON { *Falco anatum*, Bonaparte. } DUCK  
                              { *Falco communis*, C. } HAWK.

This is a medium-sized, sharp-winged species. In the mature male bird, the colour on the head and back, dark greyish brown, with the borders of the feathers on the back and wing and tail coverts of a lighter shade. Tail same general colour, but barred and tipped with white. Inner fibrils of the long wing feathers barred with white. Underside of wings with alternate bars of white and grey—except at the ends of the long quills, which are greyish brown. Throat and breast white, the latter being tinged with a light reddish brown, and also with a few short, but rather broad dark brown streaks. Abdomen and thigh feathers reddish white, barred and spotted with dark brown. Legs yellow, stout and strong; toes yellow long; claws black. Bill rather large and strong—black at the apex, yellow at the base.

There is also a blackish brown band extending from the back of the neck, on each side of the neck towards the breast. From the base of each side of the bill there is also a large blackish brown patch running for a short distance down each side of the throat. Length about 15 inches.

In the female—the colour of the plumage is generally same as in the male, except that there is no reddish tinge on the breast and thigh feathers, and the streaks on the breast are fine. The legs and feet of the female bird are very strong and stout, and are nearly twice as large as those of the male. Length about 17 inches. With reference to this species, Mr. J. F. Whiteaves, F. G. S., of this city, records in the *Canadian Naturalist* for 1870, that “A fine adult male was obtained by Mr. Marcel, at St. Lambert’s,” on the side of the St. Lawrence opposite to this city.

Mr. C. A. Craig, who is a well-known practical ornithologist of this city, lately showed me a very fine male bird of this species which he has in his collection, and which he tells me was shot in the month of April in 1872 by some duck-shooters, at the Indian village of Caughnawaga, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and opposite to the village of Lachine on the south-west side of the Island of Montreal—distant 9 miles from this City. Mr. Craig states that before the above mentioned specimen was shot, it gave the sportsmen in the neighbourhood, considerable trouble, in the way of disturbing the wild duck which they were in pursuit of.

Mr. Craig saw another specimen, four or five years ago, at Nuns Island. The latter had been chasing a wild duck, which only escaped by allowing itself to drop suddenly into an open space of water and then diving immediately below the ice. The hawk having been thus foiled in his attempt, flew into the woods on the above island.

THE PEREGRINE FALCON (*Falco anatum*, Bonaparte.) of America appears to be closely allied to the European species (*Falco Peregrinus*, Gmelin.) The latter species is sometimes called the “Wandering Falcon”, from the fact that it has been observed in almost every part of the world. Formerly, in England, very stringent measures were adopted for the preservation of the species, and “the customary breeding haunt of a pair was placed under the especial care of the occupiers of the land in the immediate vicinity, and they were made responsible, by the terms of their tenure, for the safe keeping of the noble birds and

their offspring.” “These birds were much prized in the Middle Ages on account of their fitness for the highly-esteemed pursuit of falconry.” “The female from her much greater size and strength, was emphatically ‘the Falcon’; the male, called the Tercel, or Tiercel, being more frequently flown at much smaller game, as Partidges.”

The Peregrine is an active, daring and swift-winged bird, and on account of its possessing these characteristics, it appears to strike terror in “such of its feathered brethren as cannot compete with it in strength or activity—indeed, no bird, from a wild goose to a lark, is safe from its murderous attacks. Its prey, which is usually seized when upon the wing, is made to rise from the ground by a variety of tactics. A partridge it terrifies by performing gyrations above its head, until the frightened creature endeavours to seek safety in flight; Pigeons are often so panic-stricken as to plunge into the water, and ducks are frequently so overcome with fear and exhausted with their struggles, as to be powerless to dive, and thus to elude the dreaded foe.” “Some species of pigeons endeavour to save themselves by crowding together in a thick mass, and quitting the locality with all possible expedition; but even this stratagem rarely meets with complete success, for some weary straggler is pretty certain to fall into the clutches of the ever-watchful enemy, who darts down upon its victim like an arrow from a bow. Immense numbers of crows are also destroyed by these birds, who often subsist for whole weeks together upon their flesh.” “Large birds, such as wild geese, are generally disposed of while upon the ground, as their size would render it impossible to contend with them in the air, and the flesh is devoured upon the spot where the victim is killed; more portable prey, on the contrary, is carried off to some quiet retreat, where it can be eaten at leisure. Small birds are entirely consumed, but larger kinds are stripped of a portion of the feathers, and the entrails are thrown aside as unfit for food.” “One strange habit of the Peregrine Falcon must not be passed over without notice—namely, that at the very first attack made upon it by even the most insignificant and cowardly of feathered assailants, it will at once throw down its prey, or even allow it to be seized and carried off by foes of so timid character that a spirited clucking hen might drive them from the spot.” “Most serious and extensive is the destruction caused by these birds, and since the days of falconry have passed away, no service rendered by them can in any degree compensate for the many injuries they inflict upon our property—indeed, but little can be said in their favour, except that they are imposing in their appearance when sailing through the realms of air.”

When caged they will sometimes live for many years, and exhibit surprising voracity. Hanmann mentions having kept a Peregrine Falcon for some time in confinement, and tells us that “on one occasion it devoured the whole of a fox in the course of two days; three crows were only sufficient for one day’s provision, but, on the other hand, it could, if required, fast for a whole week; this bird would seize six sparrows at a time, three in each foot, and despatch them, as it squatted on the ground, by biting one after the other through the head, laying down each victim in succession, until all were killed.”

“The greatest falconer of modern times was one of the Lord Orfords, who died towards the close of the last century. He is said to have incurred an expense of £100 per annum for every hawk he kept, for it had its separate attendant, and was sent, like its fellows, on occasional voyages to the continent, for the preservation of its plumage and courage. The Grand Falconer was one of the most illustrious officers of Royal Courts of Europe, from whom we, probably, borrowed the idea, and with us the distinction became hereditary.

“In the year 1828, the Duke of St. Albans, the hereditary Grand Falconer of England, gave a display of this practice at Redbourne, near St. Albans. The birds, eight fine falcons, were each chained to a section of a cone of wood, about fifteen inches in height, and ten inches in diameter at the base. They were unhooded, but belled, and mostly sat at the top of their posts.

“Six of them were taken for the sport of the day. A dog having pointed, a hawk was unhooded and loosed; it rose, wheeling over the heads of the party, sweeping to the right

and left, now ascending into the mid-air in the distance, and now obeying the hawk's call. The partridge was flushed, and flew with the wind towards the company, when the hawk suddenly crossed its line of flight, and, seizing it at a height of thirty or forty yards, bore it in his beak, screaming and bleeding, over the heads of the company, conveying it down to the belt of an adjoining plantation. The falcon was recovered. Other flights were not so successful, and some of the falcons flew off, and could not be recovered to the hand of the falconer."

The sport is still kept up in England, and is also occasionally tried in this country.

In addition to the notice, in my first paper, of the practice of falconry in Canada, the following may be added:—

Mr. Craig tells me that a Captain Dugmore, an officer of one of the regiments stationed here about six years ago, both in the neighbourhood of this city, and at St. Johns, P. Q., used the Duck Hawk, the Goshawk and Sharp-shinned Hawk for the above mentioned purpose. He also tried the Red-shouldered Hawk, but did not succeed very well with it. The Goshawk appeared to be the most suited for the purpose, it having captured for him among other creatures, a specimen of the Great Blue Heron found on Nuns' Island.

Sub-Genus: *HYPOTRIORCHIS*.

PIGEON FALCON OR HAWK (*Falco Columbarius*, Linnæus.)

This species has been already noticed in my first paper, but the Sub-genus was not given. There is only one additional note to make. Mr. Whiteaves tells me that the Pigeon Falcon (*Falco Columbarius*, Linnæus) of America is closely allied to the "Hobby" (*Falco subbuteo*, Latham) of Europe.

Sub-Genus: *HIEROFALCO*.

DAWSON'S HAWK (*Falco Dawsoni*, Hall.) In the Museum of the Natural History Society of this city, there is a specimen of this bird, with a ticket attached, stating that it was purchased in 1857 from Mrs. Broome—wife of a former taxidermist, to the N. H. S., at the time when the Museum was in Little St. James street. Mrs. Broome affirmed that she obtained the bird in the Montreal market.

This specimen, which is a female bird, was described as a new species and dedicated to Principal Dawson by the late Dr. A. Hall, who was formerly connected with the Medical Faculty of McGill. We may, however, justly claim the species as a visitor to this Island, inasmuch as a smaller male bird of the same was presented to the N. H. Society by the late Mr. W. Hunter,—who was for a number of years taxidermist to the Society; the latter specimen having been obtained near Lachine, on the south-west side of this Island.

These birds are large and very strongly built, and are sharp winged. The colour of the plumage in both birds is the same. The prevailing colour on the upper parts is a dark, almost black, greyish-brown, with a narrow border of white on most of the feathers, especially on the neck. Tail same colour as on the back, but crossed by ten or more narrow whitish bands, and tipped with white. There are twelve feathers in the tail. Under parts mottled dark greyish-brown, and white, with more white on the throat. Thighs on outside, well covered with rather long white and brown barred feathers. Legs and toes strong and rough, with large black claws. Bill stout and strong, blackish at the apex, whitish at the base.

Female measures 2 feet in length, with a girth of about 20 inches. The male is 21 inches long, and 19 inches in girth.

With reference to the above, Mr. Craig, who is too accurate and careful an observer to be easily mistaken, assures me that he believes the birds under consideration to be only immature specimens, and that he has seen the adult or full-grown birds, both in the possession of parties in the city of New York, and also one in the collection of the Revd. Mr. Anderson of Point Levis, opposite to Quebec city. The adult birds are nearly all white, with a very little dark colour mixed in.

Mr. Craig did not remember the scientific name by which the mature specimens were known. This, I shall endeavour to ascertain before the February number of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE appears, and if any correction be necessary, I shall make it then.

However, on referring to Baird, and comparing the descriptions of our present species with those given in his work, of the young and adult of the "Ger or Iceland Falcon," it appears very probable that our birds may belong to the latter species, known by the scientific name of (*Falco Islandicus*, Gmelin), and arranged in the above sub-genus.

Sub-Genus: *TINNUNCULUS*.

RUSTY-CROWNED FALCON, or Sparrow Hawk (*Falco Sparverius*, Linnæus.) This bird was noticed in Paper I, but the sub-genus was not given. Mr. Whiteaves has called my attention to the close relationship which our American Sparrow Hawk (*Falco sparverius*, Linnæus), bears to the European Kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*, Linnæus), but not to the European Sparrow Hawk (*Falco nisus*, Linnæus), or as given in Cassell's Book of Birds, by Thos. Rymer Jones, F.R.S., (*Nisus communis*), an opinion in which Mr. Baird appears to agree by including it in the above sub-genus.

Sub-Family: *ACCIPITRINÆ*.

Genus: *ACCIPITER*.

COOPER'S HAWK (*Accipiter Cooperii*, Bonaparte.) Chicken Hawk. The length of this bird is about 16 inches; girth about 12 inches. Prevailing colour above, dark brown, streaked with brownish white on the head, and with about four broad greyish-brown bars on the tail, which is tipped with white. Throat, breast and abdomen white streaked with dark brown; wings the same. Legs and feet yellow. Bill, blackish at apex, yellow at the base. Claws black. Specimen in N.H.S. Museum was obtained here.

Genus: *BUTEO*.

Sub-Genus: *LEUCOPTERNIS*.

"MARKED" (BUZZARD *Buteo insignatus*, Cassin.) This species was noticed in Paper I, but the sub-genus was not given.

Sub-Genus: *POECILOPTERNIS*.

RED-TAILED BUZZARD OR HAWK (*Buteo borealis*, Gmelin.) This was also noted in the last paper, but not the Sub-Genus.

RED-SHOULDERED BUZZARD OR HAWK (*Buteo lineatus*, Gmelin.) Since this species was noticed in Paper I, I have obtained the following information concerning the same:—

In the *Canadian Naturalist* for 1870, Mr. Whiteaves records as follows:—"A nest of this species, containing four eggs, was taken in May, by Mr. C. A. Craig, at Longue Pointe, (on the South-east end of the Island of Montreal.) The nest was placed in an elm tree, about 50 feet from the ground, the tree itself being eighty feet high. It was large, and roughly constructed of cedar twigs and leaves, and lined with moss. One of the eggs is in the Society's collection.

An egg which closely resembles that obtained of Mr. Craig, was given me by Master E. A. W. Kittson, who informed me that it was taken in a wood near Sorel."

I have examined both the above mentioned eggs. The one from Longue Pointe is in shape, a round oval of a bluish-white colour, more or less covered with unequal-sized blotches of brown. Length of longest diameter 22 inches; width or shortest diameter, 1.8 inches.

The egg from Sorel is also oval in shape, but larger towards one end, and of a faint greenish-blue white, with numerous brown blotches on the larger end.

The longest diameter of this specimen measures 2.3 inches in length; the width at largest end is 1.8 inches.

Mr. Craig informs me that, about six years ago, at Hochelaga—on the east end of this city,—after patiently waiting for a good part of a day, at the foot of a tree, in which a nest, with young one in it, was placed, he succeeded in shooting the mother, and then obtained the young bird. This young one was about one week old, Mr. Craig having visited the nest a week or ten days before, at which time the eggs were not hatched. It is covered with a greyish-white down, and measures about 5 inches in length.

Mr. Craig also obtained, in the same year, at Nuns' Island, opposite Point St. Charles, another female bird, with her young ones. One of the latter (which was three

weeks old) is covered like the first mentioned one, but in addition, a few feathers were beginning to develop on the wings and tail. The length of this specimen is about 8 inches.

Genus: ARCHIBUTEO. Brehm.

"This genus contains six or seven species, inhabiting Europe, Asia and North America, all birds of heavy, though robust, organization, subsisting mainly on small quadrupeds and reptiles. The species of this genus are easily recognized by their having the *tarsi* (the lowest part of the legs) feathered.

ROUGH-LEGGED BUZZARD OR HAWK (*Archibuteo lagopus*, Gmelin)

This is the same as the European species. It is a large soft and full feathered bird, being also feathered to the toes. In these characters and in its slow, noiseless flight, which is carried on mostly in the twilight, or after the sun has set, it bears some resemblance to an owl.

The length is about 23 inches. Colour of back and wing coverts dark brown, with the feathers more or less barred and bordered with white. Head and throat, a mixture of brown and white streaks. Tail (towards the end) dark brown, barred and tipped with white, but towards the base of tail feathers the prevailing colour is white, regularly barred or spotted with brown. In one specimen the tail is tipped with white, but is not barred. Under parts mottled brown and white, with a broad white brown-spotted band across the breast. Thighs and legs, as noticed above, feathered to the toes, which are strong and rough. Bill and claws blackish.

The band across the breast of a young bird is nearly all white, with a few brown spots. In another older bird the brown spots predominate.

This species is considered by some ornithologists to be only the young, or at most only a variety of the Black Hawk (*Archibuteo Sancti-Johannis*, Gmelin). In Coues' book it is so considered.

With reference to this species, the world-renowned ornithologist Audubon states that this "is a sluggish bird, and confines itself to meadows and low grounds bordering the rivers, where you may see it perched on a stake, remaining there for hours at a time, unless some wounded bird comes in sight, when it sails after it, and secures it without manifesting much swiftness of flight. It feeds principally on moles, mice and other small quadrupeds, and never attacks a duck on the wing, although now and then it pursues a wounded one. When not alarmed, it usually flies low and sedately, and does not exhibit any of the courage and vigour so conspicuous in most other hawks, and suffering thousands of birds to pass without pursuing them. The greatest feat I have seen them perform was scrambling at the edge of the water to secure a lethargic frog. They alight on trees to roost, but appear so hungry or indolent at all times that they seldom retire to rest until after dusk. Their large eyes indeed seem to indicate their possession of the faculty of seeing at that late hour." "The number of meadow mice which this species destroys ought, one might think, to insure it the protection of every husbandman; but so far is this from being the case, that in America it is shot on all occasions, simply because its presence frightens mallards and other ducks, which would alight on the ponds, along the shores of which the wily gunner is concealed; and in England it is caught in traps as well as shot, perhaps for no better reason than because it is a hawk."

BLACK HAWK (*Archibuteo Sancti-Johannis*, Gmelin). This is a rather rare visitor to this neighbourhood, and is considered by some naturalists to be the mature bird of the previous species (*Archibuteo lagopus*, Gmelin.) It is about 19 inches in length; girth about 18 inches. The general colour of this bird, above and below, is blackish brown, slightly mottled with white on the back of the head and neck. Tail also barred with white. Thighs covered with long blackish-brown feathers, with the lower part of the legs covered to the toes, with the same coloured but hair-like feathers. Toes strong and rough, colour yellow. Bill and claws black.

Sub-family: AQUILINAE. The Eagles.

"Size large, and all parts very strongly organized. Bill large, compressed, straight at base, curved and acute at

tip (apex); wings long, pointed; tail ample, generally rounded; tarsi (lower part of legs) moderate, very strong; claws curved, very sharp and strong. There are about seventy species of eagles, of all countries.

Genus: HALIAETUS. Savigny.

BALD EAGLE { (*Haliaetus leucocephalus*, Linnaeus) } WHITE-HEAD-ED EAGLE.

A young bird of this species was shot about a year ago, among the islands a few miles below the east end of the Island of Montreal. In the adult the "Head, tail and its upper and under coverts white. Entire other plumage brownish-black, generally with the edges of the feathers paler; bill, feet, and irides (part of the eyes round the pupil or central portion) yellow." The white feathers on the top of the head are loosely arranged and form a distinct crest.

In the young birds, the colour of the plumage is dark-brown, with the tail more or less mottled with white. Bill brownish black; sides brown. Total length, female about 35 to 40 inches; male, 30 to 34 inches.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion among Ornithologists, as to whether the celebrated "Bird of Washington," which Audubon discovered and described under the name of (*Haliaetus Washingtonii*) is really a distinct species, or only a larger but immature specimen of the Bald Eagle. The present species is a fish-eating bird, like the following.

Genus: PANDION. Savigny.

AMERICAN { *Pandion Carolinensis*, Gmelin. } FISH HAWK; OSPREY. { *Pandion Haliaetus*, C. } RIVER EAGLE.

Mullet Hawk; Eagle fisher; *Balbuzzard*. This well-known American bird is regarded, by some naturalists, to be identical with the European species, (*Pandion Haliaetus*), an opinion in which Mr. Coues appears to coincide, as he adopts the latter name for the species, in preference to the first mentioned one as given in Baird's Work.

Mr. Craig informs me that one or more of these birds may be met with, every summer, in the neighbourhood of Nun's Island, or towards Lachine.

One old male, shot at Nun's Island, about four years and now in the possession of the above mentioned gentleman, has the following characters. Length 21 inches, back, and wings dark brown, with the tips of the latter of a darker shade. The head is white, mixed slightly with brown on the top, and the back of the neck. There is also a broad, dark brown streak extending, from back of each eye, down the side of the neck to the back. Throat, breast, abdomen and thighs white, with brown streaks on the breast. Legs and toes very large, strong and rough, of a lead-grey colour. Bill and claws, both large and strong, colour black, cere, or wax-like skin covering the base of the upper mandible of the bill, of a lead-grey colour. Eyes yellow.

On the coast of the State of New Jersey, U. S., where these birds are more numerous than here, I had an opportunity during portions of the summers of 1866-7, of observing their habits. In the neighbourhood of the place in question, five pairs of these birds had taken up their residence for the fishing season. Each pair occupied a separate, large-trunked tree, about a quarter of a mile apart, in which they had constructed a large nest of dried twigs and small branches, rather loosely arranged. Each nest was placed in the fork of the largest branches, about 15 feet from the ground, except one nest which was placed near the top of a large dead tree about 30 feet from the ground, and would measure between three and four feet external diameter. The twigs were piled up to a thickness of a foot or more, and the top was nearly flat.

One pair had built their nest on the top of a stump, left for the purpose, in the middle of a field of corn, growing in the immediate vicinity. In the latter nest there were three or four young ones, about a third of the size of the parent birds. The young looked very much like owls, and the colour of their plumage was a mixture of light and dark brown. They did not seem however, to appreciate our visit, as they came to the side of the nest hissing and making as much noise as they could, with the hope, no doubt, that we would take our departure as speedily as possible. These fish-hawks were afforded every protection,

and I was told that there was a heavy fine, in case anybody should take the liberty of destroying one of them. The reason why the residents hold these birds in such high estimation, is I believe, owing to the supposition, that they drive off any other kind of bird of prey, which would be likely to cause a diminution in the number of their poultry, &c. This view of the case appears to be an erroneous one according to Audubon, who states that the "fish-hawk may be said to be of a mild disposition. Not only do these birds live in perfect harmony together, but they even allow other birds of very different character to approach so near to them as to build their nests of the very materials of which the outer parts of their own are constructed." I have never observed a fish-hawk chasing any other bird whatever. So pacific and timorous is it, that, rather than encounter a foe but little more powerful than itself, it abandons its prey to the white-headed Eagle, which next to man, is its greatest enemy. It never forces its young from the nest, as some other Hawks do, but, on the contrary, is seen to feed them even when they have begun to procure food for themselves.

"Notwithstanding all these facts, a most erroneous idea prevails among our fishermen, and the farmers along our coasts, that the Fish-hawk's nest is the best *scare-crow* they can have in the vicinity of their houses or grounds. As these good people affirm, no hawk will attempt to commit depredations on their poultry, so long as the Fish-hawk remains in the country. But the absence of most birds of prey from those parts at the time when the Fish-hawk is on our Coast, arises simply from the necessity of retiring to the more sequestered parts of the interior for the purpose of rearing their young in security, and the circumstance of their visiting the coasts chiefly at the period when myriads of water-fowl resort to our estuaries at the approach of winter, leaving the shores and salt-marshes at the return of spring, when the Fish-hawk arrives. However, as this notion has a tendency to protect the latter, it may be so far useful, the fisherman always interposing when he sees a person bent upon the destruction of his favorite bird.

The Fish-hawk differs from all birds of prey in another important particular, which is, that it never attempts to secure its prey in the air, although its rapidity of flight might induce an observer to suppose it perfectly able to do so. I have spent weeks on the Gulf of Mexico, where these birds are numerous, and have observed them sailing and plunging into the water at a time when numerous shoals of flying fish were emerging from the sea to evade the pursuit of the dolphins. Yet the Fish-hawk never attempted to pursue any of them while above surface, but plunging after one of them or a bonita-fish, after they had resumed their usual mode of swimming near the surface." "The male assists in incubation, during the continuance of which the one bird supplies the other with food, although each in turn goes in quest of some for itself. At such times the male bird is now and then observed rising to an immense height in the air, over the spot where his mate is seated. This he does by ascending almost in a direct line, by means of continued flappings, meeting the breeze with his white breast, and occasionally uttering a cackling kind of note, by which the bystander is enabled to follow him in his progress. When the Fish-hawk has obtained its utmost elevation, which is sometimes such that the eye can no longer perceive him, he utters a loud shriek, and dives smoothly on half-extended wings towards his nest. But before he reaches it, he is seen to expand his wings and tail, and in this manner he glides towards his beloved female, in a beautifully curved line. The female partially raises herself from her eggs, emits a low cry, resumes her former posture, and her delighted partner flies off to the sea, to seek a favorite fish for her whom he loves."

These birds, when in quest of food, after leaving the nest, fly almost direct for the sea; there they may be seen at one time, sailing along above the water at a height from 100 to 150 feet, and then all of a sudden checking their flight as some object in the waters beneath has arrested their attention. Should the fish continue in sight, the Fish-hawk immediately allows itself to drop, or rather dive, head first, and if successful the fish is secured in the bird's talons. After rising from the water the Fish-hawk makes for its nest, flying in large curves and often continuing in its flight for a distance of over a quarter of a mile with scarce-

ly any motion in the wings, beyond a slight tipping up of the one, and a lowering of the other sufficient for the describing of its curved path.

The appearance of the Fish-hawk, which in Europe is regarded with so much disfavour, is welcomed by the American fishermen, as the harbinger, so to speak, of their busy season, and this fact together with the general favour in which the bird is held on this side of the Atlantic, has been commemorated, by the poet-naturalist and eminent ornithologist, Wilson, in some appropriate verses of which the following is an extract:—

"Sun as the sun, great ruler of the year,  
Bends to our northern climes his bright career,  
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep  
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;  
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,  
And day and night the equal hours divide;  
True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,  
The sailing Osprey high is seen to soar,  
With broad unmoving wing, and circling slow,  
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;  
Sweeps down like lightning! plunges with a roar,  
And bears his struggling victim to the shore.  
The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,  
The well-known signals of his rough employ,  
And, as he bears his net and oars along,  
Thus hails the welcome season with a song:—

#### THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN.

"The Osprey sails above the sound,  
The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;  
The herring shoals swarm thick around,  
The nets are launched, the boats are plying;  
Yo ho, my hearts! let's seek the deep,  
Raise high the song and cheerily wish her,  
Still as the bending net we sweep,  
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'"

In the next paper I shall resume the subject, beginning with the Strigidae, or Owl Family, noticing as much more as space may permit.

GEO. T. KENNEDY.

December, 1873.

### My Last Experience of Rejuvenation.

There is something in the atmosphere and curriculum of a medical school—I don't allude especially to one special room—which seems to arouse the spirit of adventure latent in most young men who have not been brought up on pap and petting; a something which, like measles, propagates its contagion from one body to another. However reprehensible in the results, it seems to be nothing more or worse than that outflow of the animal spirits within, which other people get rid of in some less conspicuous way. The proverbial "nose to the grindstone," is not half as monotonous or exhausting as the nose to the notebook. I'm only amazed that among the catalogue of pathological effects of hard study, there hasn't as yet been added to the list, "the student's blues"; but the reaction is so intensely demonstrative and healthy, that it may possibly not be considered worthy of notice. Without entering into metaphysical explanations of the cause of student effervescence of spirits, we may couple the common fact that we take our modes of thought and action from our company as we take some fevers, with the other fact, that association excites us to energize upon the propensities of our nature, particularly when they are prominently bad. Didn't the fifth page of our school copy-books say, "Evil communications corrupt good manners?" In chemistry we're shown that separated particles of a different nature produce entirely new and unlike substances when coalescent; and in political and all large assemblies we find striking illustrations of the effect of association in approving propositions which the individuals present would blush to uphold on their own responsibility. And so in our colleges; the meek freshman is bullied or bantered out of his meekness, and in time begins to like the college ways, and insensibly glides into doing as his seniors do or did.

I wonder if the students who came in large numbers from all parts of Greece and Italy to Crotona to be taught by Pythagoras, or if the illustrious scholars of Plato, who were wont to assemble in the groves of Academe, were as wild and wayward out of school as the collegians of the present day all over the world. Were the practical jokes of Abernethy and Hunter—what a consolation to think that these intellectual giants were not long-faced prigs and hypocrites—only the repetition of those of Hippocrates and Celsus? Did Grecian streets ring with the

"*Gaudeamus igitur*" of the students' chorus as do the streets of London and Montreal?

Would you believe it that those grave and gray Professors of ours doubtless had their own experience of knocker and bell-handle demolishments in the days of their Primary? I could tell of adventures by flood and field, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." They preach to the freshman what they did not practice until they ceased to be students themselves. Well, bless their honest souls, we'll all agree with them, when we too cease to be students.

Have you ever seen a stranger metamorphosis under the sun, —don't dare to mention such a petty one as that of the chrysalis into a winged animal,—than that of the student into the graduate, when lower maxillaries, sphenoid and ethmoid, bones and protruding stethoscopes are no longer carried with an air of affectionate delight; and the *sangfroid* look subsides into propriety and preciseness. The transformation is never for the worst: but doesn't a shadow of sorrow fall when the "Final" brings the old jolliness to anchor, and leaving the pleasant halls of Alma Mater, the fledged one emerges into the precautions of practice, and new voices awaken the echoes and perpetuate of in stentorian shout the grand old song and chorus of

"A is an artery filled with injection,  
Vive la Compagnie!  
B is a brick never caught at dissection,  
Vive la Compagnie!"

But, to my story. Of course you know that anatomy is the foundation of medical knowledge, indispensable to him who seeks to gain an insight into the other branches of medical knowledge. I remember reading somewhere, that "subjects," as we are respectfully called in students' phraseology, when defunct, are "provided" for dissection. Curiosity as to how or from where the said subjects are obtained has always been considered a breach of etiquette. As an old McGill song says:

"Nobody knows from where they come,  
But there they always are."

The old and vulgar prejudice against the dissection room has passed away; in Montreal, at any rate, it is admitted into the best localities. An alarming difference it would make to you if in an operation you might need, the position of artery and vein had been merely learned in theory. You would then agree that it is better to learn by dissecting the dead than bungling upon the living. The student's nose and stomach is just as delicately constituted as yours; and nothing but the desire of knowledge could induce him to frequent the lead-floored room. While, as Virgil says:—"*Pectoribus inhians spirantia consul est.*"

I was enjoying a few weeks' holidays in the vicinity of Kingston, some nine or ten years ago, just about the time of college commencement, when the fellows were happy to meet again, and the *esprit de corps* was so strong that you'd see dozens of them, arm in arm, perambulating the streets, and making night hideous with their college songs.

Jim H—— and I were walking in Princess street, when we met Al. O——.

"Hilloa!" said he, "think of Damon and Pythias, and up they come! I was just looking for you. Do you want to have some fun?"

"Under sun, or moon?"

"Moon, if there is any; but I hope it will be under a cloud," he replied.

"When?" asked Jim.

"To-night," said Al.

"Done!" said we.

"Now open your auricles," mysteriously began our friend, as he assumed a tragic air. "If your hair ever stands on end 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' if your skin will blanch or teeth chatter in the vicinity of tombstones, don't say 'done!' for it's a case of resurrection to-night."

We vouched for the good conduct of hair, skin, teeth and grinders, and assured him it was just the very best kind of adventure we would like; one for which we had pined; in fact, that graduation would be incomplete without its indulgence; that death itself would never be peaceful if we had the regret of non-participation.

"Well, breathe not a word; meet at my room at 9½ to-night. Bring pick-axes and spades. I'll need eight fellows upon whom I can depend. At 10½ we'll start for the cemetery. Confide in me, and I in you, then will matters run smooth as a rivulet."

About nine o'clock, Jim and I disguised as laborers, sallied down to Al's room, bearing our "surgical" implements on our

shoulders at the slope. Sharp at half-past ten we left, accepting Al. as commander-in-chief. *En route* we were informed that it was necessary that we should be posted at different points in and around the cemetery; that we'd be obliged to wait patiently at our respective posts until he patrolled and found the coast clear. Signals were arranged between us, and it was understood that when we heard a peculiar whistle, we should all run to a large gate fronting on the main road. We presented a remarkable appearance; some having blackened their faces with burnt cork; all well disguised; two carrying large canvas bags and ropes, while the others had pick-axes and spades. We mildly suggested to Al. that we might respectively dispense with at least one of the two articles six of us carried, as we could not use a pick-axe and a spade at the same time, but Al insisted upon the whole equipment, and we had vowed implicit obedience.

We arrived at the cemetery gate, where we were to rendezvous in event of an alarm, and were posted in pairs inside and around the cemetery, too far apart to see or even hear each other. According to instructions, Jim and I crouched down at our post inside the rather low fence, hidden by some large trees from any conspicuous view, though at that ghostly hour we scarcely anticipated many passers-by. "Conscience makes cowards of us all," and the truth of this aphorism we felt. In half an hour—it being then eleven o'clock—Al. came up as visiting rounds to our guard. We reported all quiet, and no enemy in sight at our picket. He reminded us of the necessity of keeping perfectly cool and quiet: quoted Shakspeare on patience, and Milton on faith. "There are two subjects. As the other fellows are nervous, I'll set them to work first. Your time will come. You see that grave to the left? That's your work; but don't begin on any account until I come back, or you may be caught; and remember, if you hear the alarm whistle run to the gate, and if attacked, 'wedged together like Trojans, let us die before we yield.'" After which eloquent effort he left.

We crouched down and were patient. A cold breeze blew, stiff from the larboard bow—a broken tombstone to our right—and the lake did not contribute materially to our comfort, as we heard the waves beating on the shore. At twelve o'clock the breeze grew stiff, and we saw a storm gathering in the West. The heavy clouds thickened ominously, and marshalled themselves for a combat. They seemed to lower and frown especially upon us. The trees around us swayed and moaned dismally, and to make their moaning worse, they were weeping willows. The waves beat stronger upon the shore, and the wind began to play hurly-burly with the waters of the lake. Several times we thought we heard Al. and Jim declared he saw him moving among the tombstones and beckoning to him to be quiet. "Oh! he's a plucky fellow; he won't mind the storm; it's just what will suit him." I thought so too.

At half-past one it was cold and windy, and a drizzling rain began, which increased till it became a perfect cataract, raining drops like marbles, and giving us a gratuitous demonstration of the science of fluids in motion, and compelling allopathy to confess that hydropathy, as applied under the circumstances, was likely to cure our depraved taste for body-snatching.

"I wish Al would turn up. I'm sick of this, but I won't back out!" said Jim.

"Yes," said I, "we've made our bed, and we must lie on it, though it is somewhat moist."

"How do you feel?"

"Oh! splendid! not at all thirsty, thank you."

"Look there!" said Jim, grasping my arm. "What on earth or out of it, is that?"

We had crept under protection of an old shed or store-house for wheel barrows, etc., and through the entrance Jim pointed. I could not see anything except ghastly white stones, and dark trees. A minute afterwards, however, I was sure I too could see the stooping figure of Al. moving across the ground.

"They're taking a fearful time up there to do their digging," complained my *compagnon de voyage*.

"The rain stopped them, I daresay. I'm wet through, but I'll grin and bear it if you will."

"Oh! yes. I'm bound I won't give in, if I die on the spot. Won't have to be carried far if I do."

Just about then the rain stopped; the clouds rolled away, and the stars peeped out, and very far apart they seemed.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" asked Jim.

"No," I replied, "except in the ghost of Hamlet's father, for I saw him myself."

"No joking; but I do. Dr. Johnson did. It cannot be all nonsense about those spectral appearances we read of in ancien

and modern history. Let me tell you a ghost story attached to the history of our family."

We regaled each other in this way for another hour.

"Don't you remember the fate of Idas when he broke one of the pillars and desecrated the sepulchre of Apharens?" Jim was very classical.

"No," I said.

"He was thunderstruck immediately by Jupiter."

"It's a good thing you didn't mention it when the storm was on. I do wish our turn would come, in spite of the fate of Idas."

"Let's get out of this musty hole, and go back to our post."

"Bring a wheelbarrow to sit in, as the grass is slush."

Back we went, and sat in the wheelbarrow, "coupled and inseparable, like Juno's swans," as Jim suggested.

"I don't see much fun in this adventure; do you?" asked my mate.

"Oh! the fun has to come yet. We'll never regret the wetting when we succeed."

"I vote we go to work on our own hook. What is the use of wasting time like this. I am beginning to catch cold. Here comes a sneeze."

"Smother it, quick, or we'll be caught!"

"Do you think you can remember the grave Al pointed out?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, let us fire away at any one, for a change."

But pulling out my watch, and finding that it was half-past three, I urged him to desist just for half an hour more. To tell the truth, I felt that Al had made us play second fiddle too long, and had given the best of the adventure to the other students.

"Now, look here," ejaculated Jim, as he got off the wheelbarrow, "I won't stand this five minutes longer. Here's the water now soaking through my best congress boots. If it has taken all this time to dig one grave up there, we won't have any chance."

"Well, don't speak so loud," I urged. "We'll pack up and move down nearer to the other fellows."

"Very well," said Jim, "but we may as well ring the water out of our coats."

We took them off, and got them moderately dry, after the approved manner of laundresses before the introduction of the patent wringer.

"My breeches are sticking to my legs!"

"So are mine."

"Whe-w! whe-w!" At last the signal! Up we jumped, feeling very stiff and miserable; and shouldering our instruments made tracks for the gate, where we found our six comrades.

"I say," said one, "I fear Al is caught. He was at our post at 11½, and said there was danger. We haven't seen him since. Have you?"

"No!" we answered.

"Yes," said one, "he must be nabbed. We crept down through the wet grass—Bob and I; Bob fell in an open grave, which was half full of mud and water, and if I hadn't had this rope there would have been a corpse on hand for sure. We then came down here and whistled."

"Who was up at the far end of the cemetery?" I asked.

"We were," said Jack N— and Thos. W—.

"Well, what did you do?"

"Didn't do anything, but lie down under a willow and let it weep upon us. We'd have been drowned if it hadn't been for that tree. We're soaking through coats, vests and shirts, and our boots are like kitchen pumps."

"Ditto," echoed the rest.

"I feel the black burnt cork running down my neck and bosom, and I didn't change my dress shirt which I wore last night at T's party," said Dick.

"I've been sneezing down my sleeve until I'm sure I've ripped the lining," said Tom.

"I can hardly move my right leg," said Bill.

"And I've got rheumatism in my left arm and a toothache," said Bob.

"But where can Al be? Did any one see him after that 11½ visit?" I asked.

They all answered "No."

Just then it occurred to me that there was "something rotten in the State of Denmark," so to speak, and I asked Jack what Al had said to him when he last left him.

"He told us there were two subjects, and that as you and Jim were nervous he'd set you to work first; that our turn would come. He pointed to a grave; said that's where we would have to work; told us not to begin until he returned, as we might be

caught; and that when we heard the whistle we were to run to this gate."

"Did he say anything about being 'wedged together like Trojans,' &c.?"

"Yes," said Jack, "those were his last words."

"Fellow countrymen," said I, "I think this whole affair *is a sell!*"

We looked into each other's faces vacantly. Some of us tried to laugh, but it was a sickly kind that couldn't come out in that air.

"Let's whistle once more," said Bob, whose faith was still strong.

We whistled, but no answer, no Al.

"What's the time?"

"Just half past four, and daylight will soon be breaking."

"I vote we go home."

We sloped arms and went on our weary way, sadder but wiser young men.

The next morning Jim and I were limping and sneezing down King street, and as we approached a book-store there was the veritable Al, large as life, with a host of fellows who seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. As we came up a general shout arose, "How are you, Resurrectionists?"

The mystery was gradually cleared away. *After posting the eight of us and visiting Jim and me at 11½, Al had gone home to bed.* When we were roosting on the wheelbarrow, wet as fish, he was in the arms of Morpheus in a feather bed.

"And were there no bodies to raise?" piteously asked Jim.

"None but your own," said Al. "The ground hasn't been used as a place of burial for fifteen years!"

I don't think any of those eight young men were ever induced to go Resurrectioning again.

W. G. B.

MONTREAL.

## Exchanges.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* contains an editorial on the various uses of the college buildings of the institution from which that periodical emanates, instancing among them a brewery, the offices of a gas company, &c. Considering the materials, the sarcasm attempted rather fails. The way in which they criticise the speakers at their debates is excessively personal; but if the same style was in vogue at other colleges the speaking in literary societies would be improved.

The *Harvard Advocate* contains a plea for an elective on the new philosophy, known inaccurately as Positivism, but which might be more correctly designated as the Evolutional Philosophy, as that term would include the Darwinian theory in science, and what the writer calls Strauss-ism in theology. Unless we are mistaken, the chronology of the writer of the article on Base Ball of Antiquity is somewhat loose, otherwise the article is clever. Its poetry is far above the average of college attempts in verse.

As an exhibition of dreary mediocrity in prose and verse, and pseudo-sentimentalism and vulgarity in idea, we have seen nothing that can equal the *Emory Banner*.

The *Central Collegian* is at hand. They say we are heavy. They do not fail on account of the opposite quality; as an example take the rhymes from which we give one stanza:—

How far I ran I cannot tell,  
But certainly I shall remember  
The cow with the bell, over which I fell,  
As she lay chewing her provender."

Had the author's verdancy been mistaken for that of the grass ("provender"), the cow should have been held perfectly blameless.

The *Queen's College Journal* is the latest Canadian venture in collegiate journalism. Query: Is its verse, as the "Mystery of the Jewels," and the "Ode to the Sun," intended as a joke?

We return our thanks for many exchanges which we are unable to notice at length. They are:—*Harvard Advocate*, "Georgetown College Journal," "Delaware College Advance," "Cornell Era," "Beloit Monthly," "Dalhousie Gazette," "College Journal," "Western Collegian," "Emory Banner," "Spectator," "Yale Record," "Queen's College Journal," and the "Galt Collegiate Times."

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has left undiscussed the relation of scientific geology to the Mosaic account of the  
creation of the world; but on this branch of the subject he has previously written  
in his "Archaia," and, therefore, the less need to go over the ground a second  
time. All, however, will agree with him, that geology, to be really useful, must  
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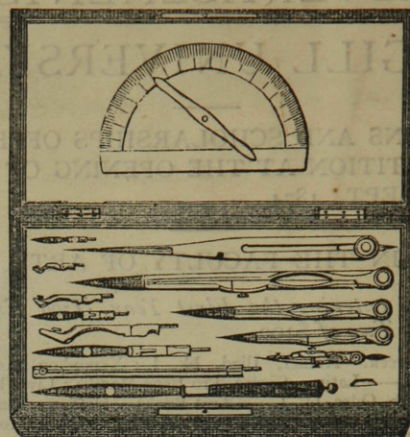
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